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ST. IGNATIUS CHURCH

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"Sunset"

T

HE sun sinks down toward the hills,
The stream in lighted splendor flows;
The music of the singing rills
Is borne upon the wind that blows
Down from the mountain heights. The doe
Treads softly in the woodland halls,
That skirt the giant forest trees;
The air is filled with mating calls
Resounding sweetly on the breeze!
The dying sun, below the wave,
Expires. But, with his latest breath,
He woos the moon to light his grave,
And golden stars to mourn his death!
Stilled seem the stream and the forest bird!
The world is wrapt in majesty!
All Nature sleeps and naught is heard
But the restless tossing of the sea!

P. L. O'Keeffe, '11.

Measuring the Measureless



IN a recent magazine there appears the announcement that a machine has been invented for detecting a lie. A lie is elicited at the command of the will, and the will is a spiritual faculty. By what legerdemain has the will, intangible and without dimensions, been brought within the field of a purely mechanical device? Not long ago, too, there appeared the announcement that an eminent psychologist and investigator had photographed human thought. A picture may have been taken of the real physical modification of the brain, accompanying the act of thinking; it would have been a wonderful achievement, and may be questioned, but it is not against reason. Though we are unconscious of it, a real image of an object considered is imprinted upon the retina of the eye, and thence a nerve impulse travels to the nerve centers in the brain, stimulating thought; and to say that the nerve impulse was noted involves no contradiction. But the sensitive image is not the idea, the intellectual concept; it supplies the material for thought but it is not thought. It is puerile to aver that if two things are invariably associated, one is the other. The intellect, like the will, is a spiritual faculty and its processes are far above the field of materialistic lens and plate.

A third invention of recent origin is a machine for measuring character. Its inventor claims by means of measuring the persistence of sensation in a person, and the readiness of response to external stimuli, to determine the mental character of that person; whether he is quick or slow, clear or obscure

in his logical processes. Here again is an instance of confounding the material and spiritual. It is true that the intellect and the brain are closely allied—that one is dependent upon the other as is the fire dependent upon the fuel supply. But the fuel is not the fire. It is true, moreover, to a certain degree, that development in the brain is concomitant with intellectual growth, but the intimacy of their relationship is not sufficient to warrant measuring the one by the other. Gladstone, Cardinal Newman, Pope Leo, were men of remarkable keenness in their old age, when it is reasonable to suppose that their sensitive faculties were becoming less responsive. It would seem that they had so trained and perfected themselves in mental development that their intellectual memory made them less and less dependent on further thought-supply. Yet it cannot be gainsaid that the parallelism between thought and sensile impression may argue well for the efficiency of the character-measuring machine, and that the results in many instances may be correct. Nor is it the device itself to which we take exception, but the stand taken by the author in the explanation of his invention. With him, “mind” and “brain” are interchangeable terms; there is no distinction between the image reproduced in the brain, and the idea conceived by the intellect. The existence of a spiritual faculty in us, transcending matter is disregarded, and all of the varied products of our mind are attributed to the brain, a purely sensitive organism.

We cite these three instances, selected at random from the more recent press notices, not in preface to a detailed account of them, but as evidence of the utterly materialistic trend of modern scientific research in its confounding of psychology with physiology. Recent scientific investigators are not the first to claim that sense is the sole parent and source of all knowledge; that the intricate processes of our judgment and

reasoning are affected solely by delicately organized gray matter. Aristotle makes mention of a school that arose in support of this doctrine with the earliest psychological speculation. The controversy is an old one, and the proofs of spirituality of thought have been long since established; but it is perhaps not inopportune for us to emphasize them here.

So far we have merely asserted that the concept is distinct from the image, that thought is not sensation, and that the intellect is a faculty higher than the brain. The properties and actions by which a substance manifests itself to us, are the only means we have of ascertaining its ultimate inner nature. As a being is, so must it act; we judge of the plant by the flower, and so too, we determine the nature of the intellect by its operations. We know from our experience that there is in us a faculty by virtue of which we are able to form abstract and universal concepts—ideas which completely transcend the scope of sense. Glory, virtue, honor—are all real entities, and we can form corresponding intellectual concepts of them, but they are not concrete things and cannot be represented in the imagination. We can picture the soldier on the firing-line, the orator's triumph and the football hero; all typify glory, but there is no picture of glory as such, abstracted from the concrete instance. Are we to deny the existence of this concept, because we are unable to represent it in the imagination? The fact remains that the term "glory" means something to us, even when disjoined from any specific incident. Thus there is a faculty in us capable of apprehending abstract realities and any category of mental activities which does not include this faculty is incomplete.

So with our power of acquiring universal ideas. When we use the terms man, house, circle, we do not mean necessarily

any particular man, house, or circle, but we convey the impression contained in the idea. We can form a concept of man, which is not of any particular man, but comprising the notes which constitute man the specific essence he is. We can prescind entirely from individuation, and conceive man as such. But there is no such "man in the air" existing outside our minds; every man is this or that particular individual, his essence supplemented by the characteristics that individuate him. The universal, then, cannot be pictured in the imagination. That it exists is a certainty, for without this power of generalizing, of ascending from the particular to the universal, all scientific knowledge would be but an approximation. The idea is real, no sense organ could have apprehended it, for though the object is real, it does not exist in the manner in which it is conceived. There must exist a higher cognitive faculty, intrinsically independent of matter.

The third proof of the spirituality of thought is attested by our power of reflection and self-consciousness. We can think about a given subject, and at the same time apprehend ourselves as thinking. We can reflect upon our own thoughts, and moreover conceive a perfect identity between ourselves reflecting and ourselves reflected upon; we are at once subject and object. This acting, this bending-back of one thing upon itself is utterly at variance with the fundamental principle of matter; one atom may be influenced by another, attracted, repelled or reflected back upon it, but it can never direct its action upon itself. The reflex action manifested in us and the power of abstracting and universalizing, would seem incontestable evidence of the existence of a spiritual faculty within us, intrinsically independent of the body.

In questioning the efficacy of the device for detecting a lie, we asserted the spirituality of the will. Of this, the freedom of

the will is ample testimony. We can determine ourselves with immunity from any interior necessity; were we not free, but puppets guided by an unseen impelling force, then duty, responsibility, merit, virtue, vice, reward and punishment would be meaningless terms, inapplicable to merely passive agents. But nothing material can determine itself; therefore the will is above the material. The telling of a lie is an action of the will, whereby the words of the mouth are caused to contradict the judgment of the intellect, and how this action of an inorganic faculty can be determined by a mechanical device is past understanding.

Investigation and invention have advanced the world, and we owe an incalculable debt to the master-minds and geniuses whose work has given an impetus to civilization. Philosopher and scientist have collaborated in man's development; the former has taught him his functions and destiny, and the higher and nobler truths of the universe; the latter has shown the more immediate laws of matter, and effected his material betterment. When the two have gone hand in hand, the world has advanced. When science transgresses, as in the confounding of the corporeal and spiritual, there is a profitless expenditure of time and energy.

In this time of scientific controversy and contention, of theory-expounding and assailing, we may question well how many laws of science have been really and indisputably proved; yet every truth which has been commonly conceded to have been established, has been in harmony with philosophy, and the soidisant representatives of the most advanced scientific thought would find a due regard for philosophic truths more profitable than empty theorizing in a realm not their own. Aristotle and Thomas of Acquin were not fools.

Though the trend towards materialism has been marked,

reaction has begun among its leaders. How the doctrine of materialism has become popular among reasonable men is a question; the answer may be found in the fact that it is not unpleasant for a troubled conscience to deny the existence of anything beyond the material, to which it is subordinate and responsible. We can but hope that the reaction will be immediate and strong, and that scientists in good faith will be spared a futile expenditure of energy in attempting to photograph an idea and to detect a lie by machinery.

Vincent K. Butler, Jr., '12.

At Dawn

I wander out at early dawn
When flow'ry buds are waking;
And stroll along the dewy lawn
To watch the daylight breaking.
My heart is light as on I go,
My song awakes the scene;
As o'er the hill a ruddy glow
Blends purple with the green.
The golden blossom hangs above,
Sipped by the busy bee;
And here and there a warbled love
Resounds from tree to tree.

Percy S. McCann, '14.

“Geoffrey Benteen”



THE first streaks of early dawn were painting with gold the billowy clouds that hovered round the distant horizon, and the mellow light of the moon was rapidly waning. Far to the east the steep Rockies stood silhouetted in the pale light. The tall trees, their lean boughs already trimmed with the golden hue of autumn, tossed their great crests to the music of the wind.

Amid this beautiful scene, in a sheltered hollow, a man sat by a smoldering campfire, insensible to the charms of Nature. On the ground lay the remnants of his morning repast. A little brook flowed on the edge of the clearing and for a while the music of its babbling water, and the sighing of the trees, were the only sounds that broke the stillness. Presently a bird flew from a neighboring branch close to where the man sat. Gaining confidence at his continued silence it hopped and fluttered nearer to the crumbs, which lay scattered on the grass, until finally having secured a choice morsel it flew away, chirping its song of joy to its less fortunate fellows.

The man was tall of stature and his broad shoulders bespoke great strength. He was dressed in the garb of a miner, his sombrero hiding his face, which was so tanned and weather-beaten that at first sight it seemed to belong to a Mexican. A second glance, however, at the well-chiseled features and the light hair bespoke the American.

As he sat there, head bowed in reverie, his mind roamed back to the scenes of his younger manhood; to the many pleasant memories of his life at college; how he had chummed

with Charlie Weston; of the vacation he had spent at the Weston's summer home; and it was on that never-to-be-forgotten trip he had met Eloise, Charlie's sister. He thought of the happy days he had spent with his sweetheart; of the day he had proposed to her and she had accepted; of his farewell on his return to his last year at college, and of her fervent protestations of love. At first the letters from her had come frequently, but after a while they ceased entirely, and then one day came the news of her marriage to a stranger.

From that time on he lost all interest in life. He was not so angry with Eloise as with the man who had deprived him of the only one on earth he loved. He gradually grew morose. His interest in study waned, so much so that he graduated only on account of the excellent work he had done prior to the blow that had ruined his life. He began to avoid Charlie, his dearest friend and hearty sympathizer in his sorrow, for the sight of him brought back all the unpleasant memories of the past. After his graduation he went West, and his classmates and acquaintances saw or heard of him no more.

He drifted about for a while, living a gambler's life, caring for nothing except to forget his grief at the card table or roulette wheel. But it was all in vain. Last night he had lost his last cent, and in a desperate mood he strode from the brilliantly lighted saloon, jumped on his horse and rode away into the dark night. Coming to a secluded spot he had pitched his camp and, after partaking of a slight repast, he lapsed into a profound reverie. The rosy-fingered dawn found him there, still musing.

It was not until the sun appeared like some great orb of burnished metal over the distant Rockies, and all Nature had awakened to another glorious day, that Geoffrey Benteen finally arose from his meditation, stretched himself as if to

throw off some invisible bonds, and cleared away the remnants of his frugal meal. Stooping, he picked up a bridle that lay at his feet. With a stride he crossed the meadow and followed the windings of the brook for about a hundred yards. Here he was greeted by the whinnying of a horse tethered nearby.

"We'll catch the stage on the long grade," he said as he gently stroked his mare's neck. "It may be our last job together, so show your mettle, old girl."

Putting on the bridle he leaped into the saddle and soon was going down the dusty mountain road at a fast gallop. He halted in a shady spot and, dismounting, tied his horse to a neighboring tree.

Taking his stand against a great redwood whose boughs seemed to reach into the very heavens, he gazed out over the beautiful panorama that lay at his feet. His eyes followed the dusty road in its meanderings down the steep mountain side till it was lost in the fields of grain that stretched away toward the distant horizon, the tall stalks reflecting the golden hue of the rising sun.

Halfway on the ascent the stage could be seen lumbering along. Away to the east, nestling amidst the billows of the prairie, was the little town of Lindsdale. "Curses on you," the bandit muttered, as he looked at the sleeping town and thought of the scenes which would be enacted there when the town awoke; of the saloon and gambling houses where he had squandered his last few dollars; of the many tragedies which had happened there in its few years' existence. The rumbling of the stage as it drew near to where he stood concealed rudely interrupted his thoughts. Slipping a mask over his face he stepped into the middle of the road with drawn revolver.

"Halt!" The command rang out sharp in the clear air of

the morning. The stage driver reined in his horses so suddenly that the leaders fell back on their haunches, and the stage stopped with a jerk. "Git down out of there and tell that there baggage on the inside that a gent wants to look 'em over." The driver obeyed with alacrity and with a chilly feeling that his back might be made a target of. In a few seconds the passengers came forth one by one, until seven stood lined up against the side of the stage. "Hands up!" came the sharp command. The passengers instantly complied. "Now keep 'em there if you don't want me to fill you plump full of lead." And with this gentle admonition the bandit started to search the passengers.

Just as he was about to go through the pockets of the first man a shot rang out, breaking the solemn stillness of the morning. The bandit instantly wheeled, covering, as he did so, a young man whose smoking revolver was still leveled at him.

The two men stood thus gazing with fixed determination into each other's eyes. Suddenly the robber started and moved a step as though he had been struck a blow, and his glance wavered for a second to the beautiful young woman that stood beside the man.

In that instant a second shot rang out, echoing and re-echoing in the wild canyon. The outlaw staggered for a moment, while in a most agonizing tone the words came from his lips:

"Charlie, you have killed me—Geoffrey Benteen," and he pitched forward at the feet of his sweetheart Eloise, dead.

Raymond T. Feely, '14.

Christ On the Andes

O

N a purple peak of the mountains
Kissed by the southern sun
And bathed by the golden fountains
That through the Andes run,
A brazen statue is resting,
Wrapped in the clouds of fleece,
With hands raised in blessing—
Our Savior—Prince of Peace.

But why stands He here—the Christ King?
Alone on the rude hillside—
What message to men doth he now bring?
And why doth here reside
The God of the earthquake and thunder,
Of the hurricane and flame,
Who tears foul nations asunder
And turns man's pride to shame?

List! 'Tis a simple story—
Chili and Argentine
Would steep them in battle gory
To settle the border line.
Argentine with ire
Would shake the Chilian throne
Until each hut and spire
She'd proudly claim her own.

Beneath her iron heel, she'd crush
Her hideous monster foe
And stamp that life without a blush
Into eternal woe.
No more shall Chili proudly wave
Her banner to the breeze,
No burnished sun shall gaze again
Upon the land and seas.

In proud defiance Chili cast
A ghastly withering look,
That every limb of Argentine
In palsied tremor shook.
No! Chili will stay the onslaught
Of the hated foeman's boast,
She'll strike till the last sons perish
From her tried and trusty host.

She'll turn back in shower and tempest—
On Argentine's proud head
The fire, the sword and the cannon;
Will heap her fields with dead
Till crimson run her rivers,
Till gory is her land,
Till she with quaking quivers
And dies beneath her hand.

Through the fields the armies scurry
On devastation bent—
The murky, thundering war clouds
O'er them their fury spent.
But lo! Two curb their madness,
And afar the thunder rolls,
Two stand before them fearless,
The pastors of their souls.

Two kindly men whose gray hairs
Bespeak laborious years,
Calm rests upon their faces,
Their eyes are wet with tears.
Filled with the Master's spirit,—
The Cross raised on high,—
They speak the word of peace to
The armies gathered nigh.

"Ye men of war, oh! list ye:
In the name of the 'Prince of Peace,'
Let every fury perish,
Let every war thought cease,
And bow ye to your Christ King
And listen to His voice
That tempers wrangling spirits
And makes all hearts rejoice.

“He holds you, warring nations,
Within his mighty hand,
That can raise to wealth and power,
That can scatter o’er the land
Dreaded tyrants and despots;
That can lash to rage the seas,
And can scatter plain and valley
And mountain to the breeze.

“In the name of Christ, the Peace King,
Fling down your hideous sword,
Allay the angry tempest
That o’er your souls has roared:
‘Accept the terms of Jesus
My son, give me thy heart’;
‘Little children, love one another’:
From me you’ll ne’er depart.”

Those grizzled soldiers bent their knee:—
Their arms’ aclanking cease;
And thundered forth the name of Christ,
And in Him, sued for peace.

And on that peak in the mountains,
Kissed by the southern sun,
And bathed by the golden fountains
That through the Andes run,
This lovely statue is resting
High on the border line,
To commemorate the Peace King
Of Chili and Argentine.

Robert L. Chambers, '13.

Stevenson—An Appreciation



ACBETH, *Julius Caesar*, or *The Tempest*, would stamp Shakespeare as the greatest of all dramatists. Moore's sweet *Irish Melodies* place him foremost among the world's song writers. But excellence in story-telling can hardly be attributed to any one author. Dickens, Stevenson, Cooper, Scott or Defoe, each has his strong points which far outweigh his shortcomings. Dickens, Cooper and Scott have left behind several tales, on any of which their eternal reputation would be founded. Defoe and Stevenson's fame is centered in one book each. The former's *Robinson Crusoe* is, perhaps, the best known work of fiction ever published. Be that as it may, Stevenson's *Treasure Island* is read and reread with never failing interest, and each time displays more riches than before.

In *Treasure Island*, Stevenson seems to have incorporated all his best efforts, narrative and descriptive. The characterization of Dickens, the knowledge of land and sea of Cooper, and the vivid imagination of Scott, all seem to have been utilized in the tale of a treasure hunt, that cost the lives of many, before Captain Flint's hoarded treasure was borne away from the mysterious island.

No matter what one's tastes, no matter whether teacher or scholar, sailor or landsman, all can find interest and amusement in perusing the precious pages of *Treasure Island*.

The lover of nature is held enraptured by the sparkling bits of description with which Stevenson so loved to adorn his narrative. His description of *Treasure Island* from the vessel is as vivid as a painting of an Angelo. The gray woods, the

tall pines, the yellow sandbanks, the hills and cliffs are pictured by the author so realistically, that for a time we are transported to the decks of the *Hispaniola* and see in the distance the island of adventure. Unlike so many authors, Stevenson seems gifted with wonderful powers of selecting the salient features of a scene and interspersing one or two pretty bits of landscape; thus presenting the whole to us, clearly and vividly, a word painting of the highest sort.

But in character description particularly does Stevenson excel. Never before has been presented in any one story such a collection of so many different types of villains. There are Billy Bones, the overbearing mate, accustomed to be obeyed or strike; Pew, the avaricious, grasping, old pirate, who held human life at such a low price; Black Dog, a coward at heart, but for all that, as dangerous an enemy as all the others. Finally comes the arch-villain, the fawning, treacherous leader, the tiger of the wild band, Long John Silver. Each one of these blood-thirsty villains is of a different temperament, as it were, than his companions. They are alike in but one characteristic, their allegiance to the slogan of Bones, "Dead men don't bite," and alike in one project, the possession of Flint's buried treasure.

Let us consider the peculiarities of the other side, the honest men of the treasure cruise. There is Jim Hawkins, the youngest member of the crew, gifted with more than his proper share of curiosity and the happy faculty of utilizing his discoveries for the good of his friends. But for his near-friendship with Bones, with Silver, and his chance discoveries, Treasure Island would sadly lack an important unit in the unraveling of many complicated skeins. Then, there is Dr. Livesy, refined and polished and cool-headed in critical moments. Directly opposite in character is Squire Trelawney, explosive at times,

always susceptible to praise or flattery, particularly to Long John's honeyed words, but always strong to do what he believes is right. And finally, there is Old Redruth, the game keeper, faithful as a dog to his master, caring not what happens as long as he receives his few pounds a year.

One of Stevenson's chief assets in characterization is his uniformity, his consistency. This he preserves at all hazards. Attributing one or two individuating qualities to his characters, he enables the reader to recognize at once their reappearance and enjoy the tale even more. Upon his first arrival at the inn, Pew was introduced by the tap-tapping of his cane. Later on when the same sound is heard on the road, the reader knows at once who is about to appear. After his first or second entrance, and conversation, the seafaring expression, "You may lay to that," is at once the sign of Long John's presence on the scene.

Another of Stevenson's excellent gifts is his skill in arousing curiosity, the backbone of any successful work of fiction. First one side and then the other is placed in intricate positions and hazardous situations, and the reader is left in breathless suspense as to the outcome. Never once does the author fail to satisfy this curiosity. The very titles of the chapters are utilized in interesting the reader. *The Sea Chest*. What is in it? What bearing will it have on the story? These questions are immediately suggested. *What I heard in the Apple Barrel*. Who is there who would lay aside the book without finishing that chapter? *The Man of the Island*. Who was he, at once springs to our lips. These are only a few of many well chosen titles.

One thread after another is followed to the end and every problem satisfactorily solved until the last great difficulty of

all, the disposition of Long John Silver is skilfully accomplished by his timely escape, aided by Ben Gunn, the simple-minded maroon.

From the arrival of Billy Bones at the Admiral Benbow, to the final end of Ben Gunn, the reader is held entranced, through the preparations, the sailing, the island adventures and the homeward bound cruise, until we, too, hear with Jim Hawkins the voice of the parrot screeching, "Pieces of Eight!" and are sadly awakened to the fact that the tale is finished.

Warren Brown.

Nature's Queen

I love thee, Mary, fairer than the lily
That decks the garden in the golden spring;
I love thee, Mary, purer than the white foam
That angry billows in mid-ocean fling.

Thy name I'll rouse where sway gold-chaliced poppies,
My song I'll mingle with the swallow's call,
Till stately pine and rugged oak will claim thee
The mistress of their virgin-forest hall.

Hugh Donovan, '13.

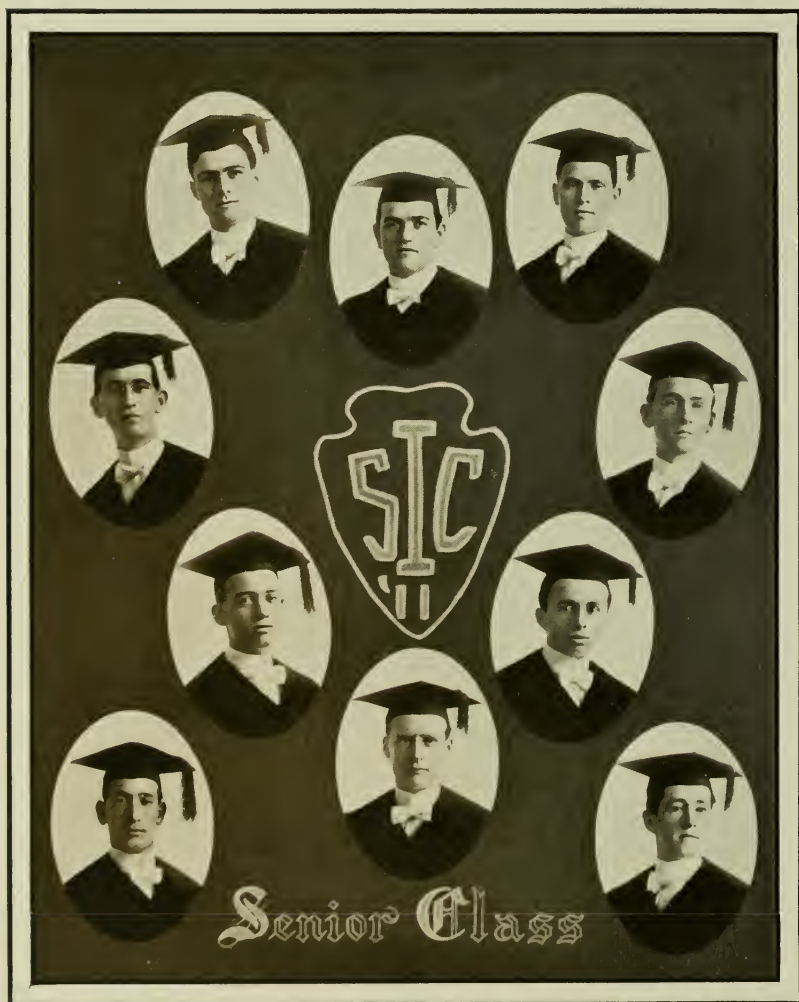


Photo by Bushnell

“Francis Thompson”



HERE are very few poets in this materialistic age as compared to those bygone days when “knighthood was in flower,” and all that was beautiful in art, whether it was in music, painting, sculpture or poetry, was developed to the full. Then the artist labored primarily for the sake of his art, and he was repaid by the appreciation of his fellow men, who knew and valued his work. But in these days of material progress and competition, when the Almighty Dollar is the first aim and ambition of every man, the idea of art for art’s sake is tabooed with scorn, and the invention of a new carpet sweeper is far more highly appreciated than an oil painting or a good poem. Is it any wonder then that the Muses should be practically neglected, and that good poets are as hard to find as pearls by the sea-shore? What has been said of poets in general also applies to Catholic poets in English-speaking countries. Few Catholics have had the talents, or ability to follow in the footsteps of the immortal Pope and Dryden. And when in our own day we find an English Catholic poet whose work future generations may place on a high pedestal in the “hall of fame,” it is but right that some of those who have lived at a time contemporaneous with his own, should have some knowledge of one who has reflected honor on his religion, his country, and his age.

Francis Thompson, of whom we have been speaking thus far, was born at an English village called Preston in 1859. He was the son of a doctor who practiced in that locality, and his uncle was one of those who participated with Cardinal

Newman, and other students of that time, in the great Oxford Movement, the influence of which was felt throughout England and brought many converts to Catholicism.

Francis Thompson was a lad of an unusually frail constitution, and a somewhat melancholy turn of mind. This latter state may have been induced by attacks of illness which very frequently prostrated him. He received his education at Ushaw College, an institution in Durham, which during the later years of the last century, has become notable in turning out such celebrities as the great Cardinal Wiseman, Waterton, and Lafcadio Hearne. Later we are told Francis Thompson went to Owens College, where he proposed to fit himself for the medical profession. In this attempt he seems to have failed, for we afterwards find him engaged in a variety of occupations, unsuitable alike to one of his character and ambitions. He became, successively, an assistant in a boot shop, a collector for a bookseller, and a vender of newspapers. He was very frequently without a roof under which he might lay his head, and was often reduced to the verge of starvation. In such sore straits as these he found inspiration for some of his most beautiful poems. The poem to a child, entitled "Daisy," was in gratitude for a little girl's charity, who had taken Thompson to her home, when he would otherwise have died from cold and hunger. The poet's parents were in no sense to be blamed for the sad plight to which he was thus reduced. He had left his family in ignorance of his whereabouts, after leaving Owens College, and never seems to have communicated with them again. His addiction to the laudanum habit is no doubt responsible for many of his misfortunes, but unlike Coleridge, it is not probable that this drug afforded him any inspiration in his poetic flight. Indeed it seems difficult to believe that such a habit

could overbalance the moral poise of one whose character was otherwise so innocent.

He loved children, and many of his most beautiful verses are about the young. How truly sweet and childlike, for example, are the opening verses of "*Ex Ore Infantium*."

Little Jesus, wast Thou shy
Once, and just so small as I?
And what did it feel like to be
Out of heaven, and just like me?
Didst Thou sometimes think of there,
And ask where all the angels were?
I should think that I would cry
For my house all made of sky;
I would look about the air,
And wonder where my angels were;
And at waking 'twould distress me—
Not an angel there to dress me.

Unlike the great St. Paul it would seem that even in his manhood our poet still spoke as a child, thought as a child, and had not in his maturer years put away the things of a child. He was an ardent lover, not only of children, but also of Nature, and all of his poems depict something of the beautiful in Nature.

His poems on children to which we have already alluded are remarkable not only for their simplicity and innocence, but also for their quaint titles, which remind one of the seventeenth century. Such, for example, are the "*Poppy*," "*To Monica Thought Dying*," and "*The Making of Viola*."

The Sister Songs bear also the same sweet scent of childish innocence, and an ardent love of Nature. How aptly is this illustrated in these verses taken from "*A Child's Kiss*":

O Spring's little children, more loud your lauds upraise,
For this is even Sylvia with her sweet, feat ways.
Your lovesome labours lay away,
And prank you out in holiday,
For syllabing to Sylvia;
And all you birds on branches, lave your mouths with May,
To bear with me this burthen
For singing to Sylvia.

Coventry Patmore, a friend and contemporary of Francis Thompson, assures us that in his opinion our poet wrote one of the most beautiful odes in the English language when he composed the "Hound of Heaven," and indeed this criticism would seem most just. What a truly sublime cadence pervades the whole poem from begining to end. The expectations of something out of the ordinary, which its somewhat weird title naturally arouses, are fully realized when one has read the poem through. It would seem as though you were listening to the strains of an organ. The theme of the poem is an ascent to the knowledge of God through Nature. The love of God is likened to a hound who pursues the poet "down the nights, and down the days, and down the arches of the years." This ode is undoubtedly one of the finest ever written, at least in modern times, and has placed its author in the front rank of the mystic school of poets. Besides the "Hound of Heaven," "Love in Dian's Lap," "A Corymbus for Autumn," "To the Dead Cardinal of Westminster," "Assumpta Maria," and an "Ode to the Setting Sun," are all beautiful memorials of Francis Thompson.

Indeed, it is impossible to read any one of these productions without realizing how much our poet has done to replenish the treasure-house of English literature in the later nine-

teenth and early twentieth century. And now we will bring the reader to the latter days of our poet's very short life. Before the end came Thompson was advised to take a rest in the country. Following the wishes of his friends he took up his residence with a Mr. Wilfred Blunt, who lived not far from his once loved Storrington. He wrote but little in this retreat and after a short time was obliged to leave for the hospital of Sts. John and Elizabeth, in St. John's Wood, where he drew his last breath on Nov. 13, 1907. During his years he had been a good Catholic in as far as human frailty had permitted. His life was not a happy one and if it could truthfully be said that Thompson had sinned much, it must be admitted that he suffered much.

Few poets outside the Catholic Church can boast for their poems such freedom from sensuality, such lofty conception, and heavenly harmony, as that which we find in the poems of Francis Thompson. But what need has he of our poor praise when the products of his own genius sound his name to so much better advantage. Rather let us address him in the words in which he speaks to the dead Cardinal of Westminster :

I will not perturbate
Thy paradisal state
With praise
Of thy dead days ;

To the new-heavened say,—
"Spirit, thou wert fine clay" ;
This do,
Thy praise who knew.

Adrian V. Buckley, '11.

The Ocean

D

ECEITFUL depth of lolling green,
In blissful quiet there you lie,
All sparkling in that crystal sheen
Poured down from iris-tinted sky.

Yet 'neath your placid, smiling form
Or hid beyond your curvéd brink
Is crouched the fiercely-growling storm,
Thirsting the mariner's life to drink.

Your wretched smile you wear to shroud
The fell deceit of feline ire,
Till dark'ning sun and frowning cloud
Give warning of your purpose dire.

Then do you rage and seethe and foam,
A frantic fiend with wrath replete;
Are you the same, whom heaven's dome
E'en now bedewed with kisses sweet?

Chas. B. Lafferty, '14.

The Beckoning Hand



THE low room was heavily clouded with tobacco smoke and an evident sense of expectancy hung over the silent circle as they waited for the story of the thwarted deputies. These latter seemed unusually subdued, and disappointment could alone, it was thought, be the cause of this dejection, in such light-hearted fellows. And well might they feel chagrined. As the event proved, it was for the story of a defeat sustained by men who, for the first time, had to return empty-handed to their comrades, that the eager band waited.

Tom Melvin shifted in his seat, viciously threw from him the smoldering butt of a disreputable looking cigar and in a low, clear voice began to speak: "You boys know mighty well the kind of a man we were after. He had the start on us by a couple of days, was reckless about the way he spent his money and a good traveler. For the first four days we could only follow him at such a distance that, well—we might as well not be following him at all. After that he traveled in ease, doubtless thinking that he had lost us; so it was easy enough for us to close up on him. But I guess we didn't lay low enough, and he must have got wind of us. Then he started in on what I call a master retreat. And, though for the full time we were at his heels, we always arrived at a place just time enough to hear how comfortably he was leaving.

"He was leading us north, always returning to that course when he found how easily we could follow his every move. But he was a land man. And that's what always made Jim and me laugh at him. Three different times, with us a safe

distance in the rear, he had a chance to board a ship and leave us behind for over a week to wait for another sailing. But each time he lightened our hearts and my purse, 'cause I always had to pay my bets with Jim when he stuck to the land.

"Well, there was only one possible end to such a chase, and Jim put the cuffs on him one morning while I was seeing that his orders with regard to his baggage were canceled. He made no fuss about coming with us, but seemed to take it as a huge joke. So we took him to a decent room instead of the lockup. We made our reservations right away, and while he was wondering what was coming we were only waiting till we could get a steamer to take us back.

"The first day of his arrest he took very nicely and in fact amused me by the way he persisted in trying to sing and otherwise pester Jim, who was guarding him. The second and third days he was more quiet, but not by any means downcast, eh, Jim?"

Jim, who didn't like to be kidded, uncrossed his legs, spat, and simply grunted, and in the smile that passed around at his expense, Tom continued:

"He was a man that was always used to open air, freedom and lots of exercise, and since we wouldn't run any chances by taking him out, he couldn't stand the small room and tight cuffs. By the fourth day he was beginning to pale and he was as cranky as a hungry cat. It was that day that I told how we were to start by boat the next morning. I said it in an offhand way and thought that he'd rather welcome the change, and so I was surprised when he gasped the way he did and tottered to a chair.

"There he sat with his head on his chest for about an hour, muttering to himself. Then after a quiet spell and with a

sudden start he began talking to me. 'Is there no other way to get me back to justice?' he asked, with terror in his voice. 'Can't you take me by land to my dingy prison? The years that I see before me in a cell I don't care about. The prison's shame, the prison's toil and misery are nothing to me compared with this voyage. I cannot go. I won't let you take me on that ship.'

"Says I, 'Look here now, you're talking foolishness, you're coming with us on that ship, and you'll say nothing about it, see?' 'Don't,' he fairly shrieked, and he threw himself on his face at my feet. 'Don't say that, don't, here'—and he took a handful of bills from his pocket, 'take these, they are yours, take them and keep me on land; take them and—' That's as far as he got. I yanked him to his feet and I don't know what I would have done, only Jim stopped me. We tried to quiet him but we couldn't. He began to curse, to curse me, to curse Jim and the chains on his hands. He shouted and swore that we would not bring him alive aboard a ship. Then he began to fight and to beat himself with the irons, and all that night he shouted and swore that he would never allow himself to be taken to a ship.

"We thought that the confinement was too much for him and that he was a little off, or else that he was 'fraid of coming back to be thrown in the pen. But the next morning he was worse and we had to get help from the local police to get the raving madman to the dock. But once there he changed. He was no longer a fighting man that we were bringing to the ship, he was a shivering coward who covered his eyes when he got near the water and shrunk as far as he could into a corner. On the ship for almost half the voyage he remained thus, and we could neither beg nor force him into the air, for the want of which he was wasting away.

"One morning we got him out on deck and he asked for a drink to steady his shaking hands. He swallowed it and soon, with a forced calmness, began to talk. His story was one that, now when we think of it, clears up a good many puzzling things we had noticed about him.

" 'Years ago,' he said, 'I was a sailor; a sailor who loved his life of hardships but little less than the pleasures with which those hardships were sprinkled. The dingy smelling fo'castle I sought only when the weather drove me to it. I loved the ocean; loved it when the setting sun would paint it the brightest red, loved it when it twinkled in the light of the countless stars of a cloudless heaven, loved it always, in the morning glare, the noonday's blaze, and the evening's glow. To me there was no pleasure so great as to feel the stout hull under me quiver with the vibrations of the engines, to hear the wind slip through the rigging, to watch the seabirds dashing out to welcome us into port, and,' his voice caught and hardened, 'to be alone. But I was not to be left alone.

" 'A man entered my life who darkened my cloudless sky, and dashed my dreams to pieces. Five times we quarreled and five times, amid the shouts of the for'ard crew, he stretched me on the deck. He made my life a hell, and I resolved to be rid of him. The things that I loved before, now became but mockeries. The stars seemed but to laugh at me, and the music of the water as it was cut by the prow seemed but for his victories. Then there came my chance. It was a clear night, I now remember. A full moon lit up the waters, and not a wave could I see. And there he stood leaning on the port rail, in full enjoyment of a picture that with his presence I could not enjoy. The madness of hatred seized me and out of my senses, I rushed upon him and—and with a movement he was in the sea.

“ ‘An arm appeared just once and seemed to beckon to me. It sank and he was seen no more. From that very time to this if ever I look upon the ocean I can see that arm beckoning to me; a-calling me to a grave in the water. I see it now to the right, there to the left, before me, look! look! there behind the arm is a leering face; the face that leered over me those five victorious times now seems again to—’ A breath of wind blew the hat from his head, the ship seemed to roll to one side, he lurched to the rail, and with a scream fell into the sea below. Jim and I made ’em stop the ship, and for over an hour we searched around, but we never found any trace of our man except the battered hat on which account, I do believe, we may credit the prisoner’s heed of the beckoning hand in the ocean.”

Charles B. Lafferty, '14.

Repose

All nature sleeps, save in its way
The moon in triumph o’er the day
Exultingly speeds on.
Far in the caverns of the deep
To rest her drooping form in sleep
The dreary day has gone.

Robert J. Flood, '14.

The Dangers of Labor Unions



LABOR has to-day concentrated its powers and centered its individual strength in vast organizations. Inspired and incited by the knowledge of united strength its numbers have increased and its institutions have grown until to-day the labor union is a mighty factor in every large commercial city. To form associations for their protection and uplifting, to work and to quit work at their *reasonable* discretion, to contract according to their *reasonable* will, to advise and to exhort others not to trade or to have such and such dealings with certain firms—all these are rights, both legal and moral, which the working-man possesses; but the condition under which the association is justified, under which the strike is righteous and under which the boycott is ethically correct or incorrect may be so easily overlooked and should be so religiously observed that entrance into trade unions and the carrying out of their extreme measures is an action to be well thought of before acted upon. Let us examine these conditions of the association, the strike and the boycott.

To begin with, let it be said that first of all we must respect the rights of others if we wish those others to respect our rights; and so if labor has certain undisputed powers, these should never be construed so as to restrict in any manner the just rights of capital. Therefore there should be nothing in the constitution of the association unjust to the rest of mankind or derogatory to their natural rights; and the labor organization must primarily beware of any such article which puts in jeopardy the rights of capital and which may be construed as

tending to "a criminal conspiracy against the laws of the country." And this, not only from an ethical standpoint, but also from the standpoint of prudence, lest under the common law, as in the case of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the whole association be declared illegal; for we must remember that if capital needs be controlled so as to prevent the unreasonable formation of syndicates, trusts, pools and of any other contracts which may easily lead to monopoly, so also must labor be controlled in its efforts to organize itself into veritable trusts to monopolize work and to corner the right to a wage.

In this matter particularly, should every labor union proceed cautiously. It should consider that though man has a right from the natural law to quit work, he nevertheless has not the moral power to exercise this right unconditionally and whenever he pleases; existing conditions restrict it; there are mouths to be fed, there are bodies to be clothed and to be sheltered, and the voices of those who look up to the workman for their support cry out against his unconditioned right to cease his toil. This is one of the restrictions on man's moral power to "strike." And thus, if the association discovers that its members are receiving a sufficient remuneration to enable them to live, as Leo XIII expressed it, "in reasonable and frugal comfort," it should very wisely think well on the matter before it orders a general strike; not only this, but the workman should, whether or not his union orders the strike, see to it that he has fulfilled all his valid contracts, either expressed or implied, with the firm which he abandons; for no organization has the right to sanction or command the breaking of a valid contract. And thus, in the Ann Arbor case, when Engineer Lennon abandoned his train of cars before he had brought them to their destination, he committed

a grievous wrong against natural law and natural justice by placing in jeopardy human lives and human property. He even violated civil law for the reason that he had an implied contract to drive his engine to its destination, which contract bound him from the moment he mounted his cab in the train-yard. This is another restriction of the right to quit work.

But this is not all. We should never lose sight of the fact that all men have the right to ownership and that when they choose to exercise this right they should be protected by law; consequently, the striker should never injure the property of his former employer, nor seek by any such means to redress his grievances; for neither anarchistic nor socialistic tendencies are compatible with the well-being of unionism. If labor unions sanction by silence or inaction the work of their members in destroying, or seeking to destroy, the property of any corporation or firm, if they permit any violence to the persons or property of the employer, if they seek to gain their ends by such questionable means as these (and, we regret to say, they too often do), need they be surprised if they find public sentiment and judicial decisions turned against them? And such violations of property rights and attempted dictates of mob rule are naturally abhorrent to the law-abiding citizen; for no man should be allowed to even attempt to tell another what men he shall employ or at what times he shall use what is his own. This power is reserved alone to properly constituted authority, and even this must act rationally and may not make law in unreasonable restraint of man's right to liberty or property. Tactics of mob rule we ourselves have too often beheld in labor strikes in our own city; when it becomes necessary for a Mayor to put an armed force on the trucks of our teamsters; when it becomes necessary for our police to protect the rolling stock of our street-car lines; when we behold

the restriction by force of man's right to labor—the covert threat—nay, the open violence done him who sees fit to work for the wage refused by the striker, should it appear wonderful that so many of the workingmen themselves grow enraged at unionism and align their sympathies with the capitalist? For these many are not so ignorant of man's fundamental rights but that they realize in some degree that the right to quit work involves neither the right to destroy the property of the employer nor the right to prevent his reasonable use of such as he may call his own. As a last restriction the workman should ever remember that the civil power may justly demand his labor for any necessary State purpose; that the cry of necessity when the public good is at stake may be a demand, and not a request, on either his physical or mental capacities; and this, we of San Francisco realized full well, when, in 1906, many of us toiled at the persuading point of the bayonet. Such a humane principle we recognize to be but in accordance with the nobler instincts of man's nature and with the end for which the State was founded.

There is another weapon which the workman wields, and it is called the boycott. Is it justifiable? Before answering this question, we must distinguish its two kinds, the one a comparatively harmless thing morally, when conditions warrant; the other, absolutely wrong, no matter what the conditions may be. The first is the boycott in which moral suasion is used to influence others not to trade with certain people; the second is that in which duress and sometimes violence is resorted to in order to effect the purpose; not only that, but man is exhorted to break the valid contract, that one great binding force which has been instituted to insure him against fraud.

Now we are but plain concerning this matter when we

say that the labor union should be cautious about the boycott, even as regards the harmless kind; it should be certain that the wrong against which it is contending has a real objective value; it should investigate matters as thoroughly as possible and under no condition should it permit any coercion to be used; in other words, it should strive never to hinder man's freedom, never to overlook the sacredness of liberty, and never to forget the great principle of justice, that no man should be misrepresented either as to his character or actions. And thus the sandwich man who parades the grievances of the union on a sign-board before the unfair house is justified, if the grievances be real; but he who buttonholes unwilling citizens to tell them of such grievances becomes an enemy to the peace of society by violating the liberty of its members. Therefore, to sum up, it is quite necessary that the grievance be a real one, and that neither coercion nor fraud be knowingly employed; for these are the three characteristics of the harmless boycott.

As regards the second class, it is quite enough to say that where it is a question of disregarding the freedom of others, or attempting to coerce them into not dealing with certain firms, or of not fulfilling contractual obligations, the whole action is wrong, even if there be a real grievance on the part of the workman; and this is true because the means are wrong and therefore, no matter how uplifting the end may be, the action is unjustified.

In conclusion, let it be said that the labor union is the strong defending arm of the workman's rights, and that, when properly managed, it stands for the betterment of the conditions of labor. But, when governed by prejudice and jealousy, above all, when its members refuse to take honest and capable applicants into their midst and, at the same time, cry out for

the closed shop, then the labor union becomes a detriment to liberty, then it grows into a menace to the workingman, and then, if all else fails, should every thoughtful and logical citizen, in the interests of man's natural rights, champion the cause of the open shop. For we should remember that the Union is another Janus, and that it depends on the members who comprise it, and on the attitude of its constitution and directors with regard to the strike and the boycott, which face it has turned toward the industrial world!

Peter L. O'Keeffe, '11

St. Joseph

Spouse of heaven's Queen,
Guardian of her Son!
Guide our bark serene.
Spouse of heaven's Queen,
Sweetly intervene,
When our race is run.
Spouse of heaven's Queen,
Guardian of her son!

Gerald J. Kenny, '14.



Adrian V Buckley - Editor.



H. Edward Chambers Bus. Mgr.

Ignatian

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Editorial

The IGNATIAN QUARTERLY, in this its banner edition, desires to introduce itself for the first time to those on whose countenance and support it will greatly depend for its success in the future. Success in journalism may be measured by two standards. A periodical may be a literary or a financial success. If it is not the first, the blame rests on the shoulders of its editors. If it is not the second, it must be concluded that there is something lacking in its business management. A magazine or periodical that looks only to financial gain without giving any heed to the literary qualities of its articles and essays, is doing an injustice to its readers. It is

acting dishonestly. And equally, a magazine or periodical which, boasting literary perfection, fails to make good financially, is doing an injustice to itself. It is acting imprudently.

The aim and ambition of the *IGNATIAN QUARTERLY* is to be a journalistic success in every sense of the word. In the literary field it certainly has every reason to be sanguine. Many students of St. Ignatius College, who have long desired a wider scope for their literary talents than that afforded by mere class routine, will welcome an opportunity to contribute to a periodical in which their productions will reflect, not only honor on themselves, but also on their Alma Mater. The subjects treated in the *IGNATIAN QUARTERLY* will be of an exclusively literary character. They will always be on interesting topics, and written in a style well calculated to hold the reader's attention throughout.

The *IGNATIAN* will be edited by the students of St. Ignatius College, and published for your Alumni and friends. It will be under the supervision of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, who will stand sponsors for its literary merit.

Having presented its claims for a favorable reception on the part of its readers, the *IGNATIAN* desires to thank them in advance for the generous support it feels certain they will accord it, and which will go far to make it a success from every standpoint.

In conclusion this paper wishes to thank those whose labors, enthusiasm, and generosity have contributed so much to make this its banner edition a promise of what is to come. We have every reason to believe that such loyal support on the part of the contributors, and readers of the *IGNATIAN* will have its reward in giving to the Alumni, friends and students of St. Ignatius College a journal of which none need be

ashamed, and of which all may be justly proud as the official organ of their beloved Alma Mater.

San Francisco has her chance now, and the next four years will tell how well she has used it. It is right that the engineering feat of a century be celebrated fittingly; and so will the greatest city of the **EXPOSITION.** Pacific give the greatest exposition in history. Soon the organization for the management of the Fair will be perfected, the artist committee will have ended the site controversy, and the director will be named; then begins in earnest the work that is to culminate in an exposition worthy of the city it graces, and of the achievement it celebrates. In a sinister sense, 1906 marks for us an epoch, but we all are hoping that the era inaugurated by 1915 will mean confidence and prosperity so marked that the past reverses will be more than compensated for by the advancement to come. World-prominence is San Francisco's due, for Nature was good to us. Then, too, we have the exposition, the men and the future.

In view of our city's recent victory in Congress, it would be apropos to recall some past events, and with them as the norm endeavor to measure the future. San **THE FUTURE.** Francisco has always been a fighting city. Her pioneer sons and daughters braved untold horrors to settle on her sands and share in her early prosperity. The dominant trait of these early settlers was perseverance. They saw their city burned to the ground in a night, and the world saw them rebuild, without whimpering, in a day. They saw the sanctity of their public offices being

violated by corrupt and lawless politicians, and against almost heart-breaking opposition they restored that sanctity. They were true and they were brave, and when measures compatible with the times were necessary for the promotion of their common good, they did not retreat but met their duty face to face and performed it. It is this spirit, so productive of undying results in the olden days, that animates our men of to-day.

A skeptical world did not reckon with this spirit when they smiled at our promise of a greater and grander city to be erected on the ashes of the city that was. A cynical South did not reckon with this spirit when they smiled at our seemingly futile struggle with an unfriendly Congress. But the skeptical world and the cynical South now recognize that spirit and yield before it. With it as the animating principle of our united endeavors all things are possible, and when other cities and nations come to visit us in 1915 they will find it expressed in an exposition that will far outrival any that has ever been held.

I wonder how many of our readers have ever thought it worth their while to take a Sunday afternoon promenade on THE NEW Ignatian Heights. Probably the name of ST. IGNATIUS this very interesting locality as yet has little CHURCH AND significance to the average San Franciscan. COLLEGE. He can tell you where Pacific Heights are without any trouble. His Sunday afternoons are very frequently spent out at Sutro Heights. And as for Bernal Heights, that one time classic retreat of sportive goat and pensive cow, is as familiar to him as his home in the Mission. But Ignatian Heights? "Well, that's a new one on me," he will confess with a chuckle. "I never

heard of those before." But the day is fast approaching when Ignatian Heights will be as familiar, if not more familiar, to our citizens as any of the other localities mentioned, for upon this site is destined to rise a church and college which will be for many years to come the pride of our beloved city.

Situated a little to the southwest of historic Lone Mountain, Ignatian Heights has a vista stretching out on all sides that is truly magnificent. Golden Gate Strait, Sutro Forest, Golden Gate Park, San Francisco Bay, and the great Pacific Ocean lend sublime background to the city teeming with life and bustle at one's feet.

The distant peaks of the coast range and the precipitous and purple-clad sides of Mt. Tamalpais also stand out in bold relief from this superb point of vantage, and it is safe to say that there is no other place in San Francisco which has such a commanding outlook, and is at the same time so accessible as is this new site of St. Ignatius, since it is easily reached from Richmond, the Western addition and the Mission, the three principal residential sections of the city.

The new church, which is now in course of construction, will, on its completion, be one of the most beautiful sacred edifices in the city. Mr. Devlin, its architect, has spent some time in Europe, studying the masterpieces of ancient Greek and Roman architecture, and he intends to embody the result of his studies in the new Basilica of St. Ignatius. It is expected that the church will be dedicated sometime in July, 1912. After the church has been finished, work on the college and the Fathers' residence will commence. If the plans of Mr. Devlin are realized the new college building will be superior in every respect to the spacious institution on Van Ness avenue, which was destroyed in the terrible fire of April, 1906. Indeed, it is the hope of the Jesuit fathers that the new college

will in time become the nucleus of a great Catholic University, which will take first rank among the educational institutions of our country.

Before concluding it is interesting to observe how intimately the history of the Jesuits in San Francisco has been linked to the history of the city itself, and how closely the work of the sons of St. Ignatius has kept pace with the fortunes and vicissitudes of the city by the Golden Gate.

In the old sand-lot days when the city was still in its infancy and had as yet little thought of the great commercial heritage which should one day accrue to it, we find two unpretentious structures known as St. Ignatius church and college, located on Jessie and Market streets, on the site now occupied by the Emporium, the largest department store in the city. The church and college, on Jessie and Market streets, were the church and college of the pioneer. Later on, when San Francisco had come into her own, when palaces had begun to be erected where hovels had once stood, and when our city became known far and wide as the great metropolis of the Pacific Coast, we find the Jesuits, ever moving in the path of progress, erecting a church and college worthy in every respect of the great city in which it was built. The church and college of St. Ignatius, on Van Ness avenue and Hayes street, was the church and college of San Francisco before the fire, and will ever be looked back to with fond recollections by those who knew it in the good old days before April 18, 1906. But on the heels of prosperity came adversity. In the great disaster of 1906 the once proud city of San Francisco was humbled even to the dust, and sharing the fortune of their native city, St. Ignatius church and college were burnt to the ground. But as our city, undaunted by this dire catastrophe, rose

phoenix-like from her ashes, and as the hut of the refugee supplanted the palace of the millionaire, so also the Jesuit fathers, their confidence unshaken by the ruin and devastation everywhere surrounding them, were among the first to erect a temporary church and the first to throw open to the youth of the stricken city a temporary college. This was the church and college of the refugee, the church and college of the reconstruction.

And now seeing San Francisco rapidly recovering its former wealth and prestige, and once more taking its place among the metropolitan cities of the world, the Jesuit fathers, true to their tradition, and having ever in mind the greater glory of God and the salvation of souls, are building a new church and college, which will far surpass any of their predecessors in beauty and magnificence, and will be worthy in every respect to be called the church and college of Greater San Francisco.

Exchanges

We appreciate the presence on our table of the "Yale Literary Magazine," written in a sententious and fluent style.

By giving merited attention to each line of student activity the "University Symposium" has fulfilled the ideal set for itself in its initial editorial.

A refreshing spirit of Christian optimism permeates the poetry of the "St. Ignatius Collegian." The young Chicagoans show by their critical essays on Keats and Burns a comprehensive insight into these masters.

A distinctive excellence marks the literary standard and general arrangement of the "Fordham Monthly."

The "Gonzaga's" appreciation for their courageous alumnus reflects great credit on the student journalists.

It is difficult to say in what part of the "Mills College Magazine" the greatest aptness of thought and expression prevails. All the departments are skillfully adapted to interest and please.

In the March issue of the "Bowdoin Quill" the poetry is in keeping with the high reputation of the Alma Mater. We read with unusual pleasure the "Extracts from a Diary," a racy and humorous narrative. A deeply interesting story of the capture of Louis XVI at Varennes is "The Greater Glory," developed entirely by a deft and striking contrast—one of those contrasts of human nature that stand out so vividly in the midst of political revolution.

We are pleased to see that the "Redwood" still maintains the very high standard it set for itself years ago. *Prosit!*

William M. Queen, '14.

Alumni

The St. Ignatius Alumni Association, organized in 1881, bears the distinction of being the first like organization among the Catholic colleges in California. Rev. Father Kenna, who was then president of the college, recognized the advisability of organizing the graduates and accordingly formulated the plans which brought the association into existence.

The first meeting took place on the 25th of February of the above year, and we find, spread upon the minutes of that meeting, the results of the first election: President, Hon. J. F. Sullivan, A. M., '70; vice-president, Robert F. Tobin, A. M., '72; secretary, Florence McAuliffe, A. B., '75; treasurer, Alfred T. Kelly, A. B., '75.

The "Old Boys," be it said to their credit, seconded Father Kenna's efforts with a will and no time was lost in setting the association on a firm basis. Needless to state, imbued with that same spirit which characterizes undergraduate activities, it flourished and to-day holds a prominent place in college history.

The present moderator of the association is Rev. D. J. Mahoney, S. J., assisted by the following officers: President, John T. Fogarty, '75; vice-president, Dr. A. H. Giannini, '94; secretary, John L. Whelan, '05; treasurer, Luke J. Flynn, '95.

Among the graduate activities of the year, the annual alumni banquet holds the foremost place. Since 1881, barring the year of the disaster, the "old boys" have gathered around the festive board to renew acquaintance and review the varied incidents of college days. The last banquet of the association was held on the evening of Nov. 17, 1910, at the

Palace Hotel. Dr. A. H. Giannini, '94, was toastmaster of the evening. After an enjoyable repast Mr. J. T. Fogarty, '75, was called upon and responded with a few well chosen remarks on the "Alumni Association." The toasts of the evening followed. Rev. Jos. C. Sasia, S. J., responded to the Graduate and the Scientific Spirit; Francis C. Cleary, '79, to the Graduate and the College Spirit; Jos. S. Tobin, '87, to the Graduate and the Civic Spirit, and Thomas W. Hickey, '93, to the Graduate and the National Spirit.

Many of the alumni will be glad to hear of the appointment of Attorney Cullinan to membership in the Board of Trustees of the Public Library.

We read with satisfaction that the American Historical Society has selected Rev. Jos. W. Gleason, '87, as a member of the Board of Directors. This office carries with it no small degree of honor and is a recognition of Father Gleason's work along these lines. It will be remembered that Father Gleason, before his appointment to the pastorate of St. Thomas Aquinas Church at Palo Alto, was chaplain of the Sixth U. S. Cavalry and saw active service in the Boxer and Philippine campaigns.

Dr. Milton B. Lennon, since his return from Europe, has gained considerable reputation as a nerve specialist. Some monographs on this subject and others of great value to neurologists were recently written by him in local medical publications. Besides attending his regular practice Dr. Lennon lectures at the University of California and the Polyclinic, and is the director of the Biological Department of St. Ignatius College.

In this the first issue of *THE IGNATIAN*, the alumni editor takes occasion to request the alumni to correspond with him

on any subject which would be of interest to this department and to the association at large. News concerning the whereabouts and doings of members would be most welcome and would be a means of not only keeping alumni members in touch with each other, but also of stimulating interest in the paper. Hoping this request will meet with ready response, I look to the next issue for results.

Chas. P. Knights, Jr., '12

On Wednesday evening, May 3rd, a business meeting of the Alumni Association was held at the St. Germain in this city. Business of great importance to the Association and especially to the college was transacted.

Mr. George Connolly, A. M., '02, after paying a glowing tribute to Catholic education and regretting the lack of support it receives from the Catholic people at large, concluded with a motion to the effect that a scholarship of \$4000 be established as a stimulus to undergraduate endeavor. The motion unanimously carried. It was decided by the committee that the gift should be known as the "Alumni Scholarship."

A perpetual trophy, to be competed for by the college and high school courses annually on "President's Day," was also established.

Immediately after this Mr. Doolan, '79, arose and in behalf of his class offered a cup to the winner of the one-quarter mile event on "President's Day."

The meeting terminated with an enjoyable dinner.

Society Notes

All colleges point with pride to their various societies; the alumni glory in the remembrance of their part in student institutions in bygone days; and the present students rejoice in the opportunities they now afford. Thus it is that the Alumni and Students of St. Ignatius are especially proud of their several activities. Class work, whether dispensed in lectures or otherwise is bound to grow monotonous, and here the Societies fill an important part by adding a peculiar zest and interest to otherwise arduous labors. The number of organizations and the diversity of their objects afford to every scholar an opportunity to move in a circle of enthusiasts of his own particular bent. The term of 1910-11 was a most successful one in every department, and it seems almost a coincidence that the first college publication should appear at the close of such a prosperous semester.

No education, however extensive, is complete or calculated to turn out the perfectly cultured man, unless its course embraces some religious instruction or training. The knowledge of arts and sciences may give a man prestige before the world, but if it is not backed up by that inner satisfaction of a clear conscience, for him all is in vain. It is to guard against this defect, that the Sodality is included among our many college organizations; and it is safe to say that no society is as far-reaching in its influence and effects as the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception. THE IGNATIAN rejoices in this opportunity to exhort every member of the College to be faithful

to the duties of a sodalist—and we can rest assured that our early practices will serve us in good stead when we are swished about in the currents of an indifferent world.

The organization of the Science Academy by Mr. Zacheus J. Maher, S. J., filled a want that had been long felt by the science enthusiasts of St. Ignatius.

THE LOYOLA SCIENCE ACADEMY. Since its foundation in December, 1909, the Academy has prospered far beyond the greatest expectations of its members. Its object is to foster a deeper interest in scientific studies and to encourage a spirit of scientific research among its members by enabling them to prepare and deliver experimentally illustrated lectures on the subject-matter of Physics and the lives of Physicists. Only students of the Junior and Senior Classes are eligible, but others may be present at the lectures by invitation.

The officers for the past semester were Mr. Zacheus J. Maher, S. J., President; Joseph Giannini, '11, Vice-President; Adrian V. Buckley, '11, Recording Secretary; Francis P. Buckley, '11, Corresponding Secretary; John J. Casey, '11, Librarian, and Richard C. Queen, '12, Treasurer.

The lecture program for the season of 1910-11 follows:

Curvature of Reflected and Refracted Waves—Phenomena of Reflection and Refraction—Story of the Microscope—History of the Telescope—Plane and Circularly Polarised Light—Incandescent Lighting—Arc Lighting—Magnetism—Radium—Telegraphy—Telephony—Production and Transmission of Electric Waves—Alternating Current Phenomena—Discharges in High Vacua—X-Rays—Static Machines—Static Discharges—High Frequency Discharges—Tesla Coils—and a public lecture on April 4th on Wireless Telegraphy.

The progress of its members and the rising standard of its exhibitions show conclusively that the Academy is satisfying the end for which it was instituted.

The last session of the Debating Society was far and away the most successful in its history. Never before were meetings so well attended or debates so keenly followed. The opening discussions of September were tryouts for the Gold Medal Debate which was held at the Novelty Theater on November 30, 1910. The six speakers on that occasion ably upheld the already fair name of the S. P. D. S. The question of debate was, "Resolved, That the 'New Nationalism' as now presented to the people of the United States would best subserve their interest." The affirmative was argued by Messrs. F. Buckley, '11, G. Kenny, '14, and R. Queen, '12. On the negative were Messrs. W. Mahoney, '12, P. O'Keeffe, '11, and C. H. Caulfield, '13. The negative won the debate but the medal for the best speaker was captured by Mr. Francis Buckley, '11. Mr. Vincent Butler, '12, acted as chairman of the evening.

Another feature of the session was the mock trial of Mr. Knights, '12, the censor of the Society. On that occasion the house resolved into a court. Messrs. Mahoney and Butler were attorneys for the defense, while Messrs. Wm. Lafferty and F. Buckley acted as prosecutors. The speeches to the jury were masterpieces of forensic oratory. After due consideration the jury acquitted Mr. Knights of the charge of "falsification of accounts."

The discussion of the Exposition site at the Dreamland Rink on February 23rd marked another step in the advance

of the society. The fact that this affair was planned and carried out within one week was belied by the splendid efforts of every speaker. The immense hall was well filled and never had the Senior Philhistorians addressed a more interested audience. Mr. W. Mahoney spoke for the San Francisco Water Front, Mr. G. Kenny for Lake Merced, Mr. A. Buckley for the Oakland Water Front, Mr. F. Buckley for Golden Gate Park, Mr. P. O'Keeffe was to speak for Bay View but sickness preventing, Mr. Butler read his paper, Mr. J. Toohig advanced the claims of Harbor View, and Mr. Caulfield those of Tanforan. The sites and order of speaking were chosen by lot. On this occasion Mr. F. Buckley was awarded the prize as best speaker.

The following are the officers for the term of 1910: President, Mr. Jos. A. Sullivan, S. J.; Vice-President, Francis P. Buckley; Recording Secretary, C. Harold Caulfield; Corresponding Secretary, W. Mahoney; Treasurer, A. Buckley; Censor, C. P. Knights; Librarian, R. S. Brown.

For the second term the following served: President, Mr. Jos. A. Sullivan, S. J.; Vice-President, Vincent K. Butler; Recording Secretary, Jos. Toohig; Corresponding Secretary, A. Buckley; Treasurer, C. P. Knights; Censor, G. Kenny, Librarian, John Casey.

The prosperity that marked the late annals of other activities was certainly not lacking in the J. P. D. S. during the past semester. Not only were weekly meetings held regularly throughout the year, but they were well attended and the debates awoke an interest far greater than usual. All things considered, the session of 1910-11 set a mark that coming years

**THE JUNIOR PHIL-
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will strive hard to attain. The most important feature of the year was the public interclass debate held in the College Hall on St. Patrick's night. A large and enthusiastic audience was entertained with the question of the fortification of the Panama Canal. Fourth Year High espoused the affirmative, and Third High spoke on the negative. The affirmative won.

The ever popular and flourishing Associated Students continued in its prosperity during the season just passed. The success of athletics is attested by a glance
ASSOCIATED STUDENTS. at the "sport column." The annual show for the benefit of this organization was written this year by Mr. Raymond S. Brown, '13. Its title, "Bun, the Baker's Son," shows its originality. Indeed, it rivaled "Chanticler" in that respect. The play was featured with lyrics by Mr. R. Chambers, '13, and Mr. J. Foley, '13. Mr. Brown managed as well as wrote the piece, which was a complete success from every standpoint.

The officers of the Associated Students follow: Francis P. Buckley, President; Joseph F. Giannini, Vice-President; Adrian V. Buckley, Secretary; W. E. Chambers, Treasurer; Robert J. Flood, Manager Track and Basketball Teams; G. Giannini, Manager Baseball Team; Wm. Lafferty and F. Buckley, Yell Leaders.

Shortly after the public discussion of the Fair site at the Dreamland Rink, Fr. Sasia graciously tendered the seven debaters a banquet at "Solari's Grill." There
PRESIDENT'S BANQUET. were also present Fr. Colligan, S. J., and Mr. Jos. A. Sullivan, S. J., President of the S. P. D. S. The table was bounteously supplied and all thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

While we were still rejoicing over the splendid victory that won for us the Fair, we were accorded the welcome privilege of hearing from one of the ablest and most active members of that hard-working delegation. Great cheers greeted Rev. Fr. McQuaide in the College Hall after his informal introduction. Though he spoke for two hours on his experiences in New Orleans and Washington, so short seemed the time that everybody was sorry when he had finished. Fr. McQuaide was fervent in his praises of President Taft, of the Southerners, and in particular of the Catholic Congressmen, whom he declared to be the "finest and handsomest body of men he had ever beheld." Aside from the anecdotal nature of the talk, there were also sounded many valuable principles that would serve us well indeed in our life before God and man.

Of the many college men of this State seeking the coveted honor of the Rhodes Scholarship, Mr. Vincent K. Butler, '12, of St. Ignatius College, was finally chosen as the one best satisfying all requirements. In addition to being the only contestant from St. Ignatius, Mr. Butler is the youngest Rhodes Scholar America has ever sent abroad. Letters of congratulation have been received from all sides by this able young man. The Rhodes Scholar is the flower of college life and Mr. Butler is certainly a worthy representative of California and his Alma Mater. THE IGNATIAN takes this opportunity to congratulate him and wish him every success in his three years at Oxford.

C. Harold Caulfield, '13.

The Sanctuary Society

To those of our Alumni that recall the grand showing the Altar Boys used to make at Hayes and Van Ness, the present Society can hardly appeal very much. Still less does it compare favorably with the years when Father Woods was the director of the Sanctuary Boys. For Time and Fire have undone his success and that of Fathers Toy, Butler and Laherty. Since that day, however, the Society has been on the upclimb and when the new church caps the hill, the sanctuary hopes to be an honor both in members and in splendor to the new home of their Tabernacle, King and God.

At present the Society numbers fifty-two, most of whom are representative boys in their class. They are, as of old, the envy of their schoolmates, not only when the Annual Field Day comes around, but also on week days, when the Director has to call on them to serve at funerals and other functions requiring the presence of several acolytes.

Many are the friends of the Sanctuary Society, and it owes them one and all a great debt of gratitude. New cassocks and surplices, ribbons and bows have been generously made for it and other favors shown, which must indeed touch with pleasure Him for whose earthly court all this has been done.

Athletics

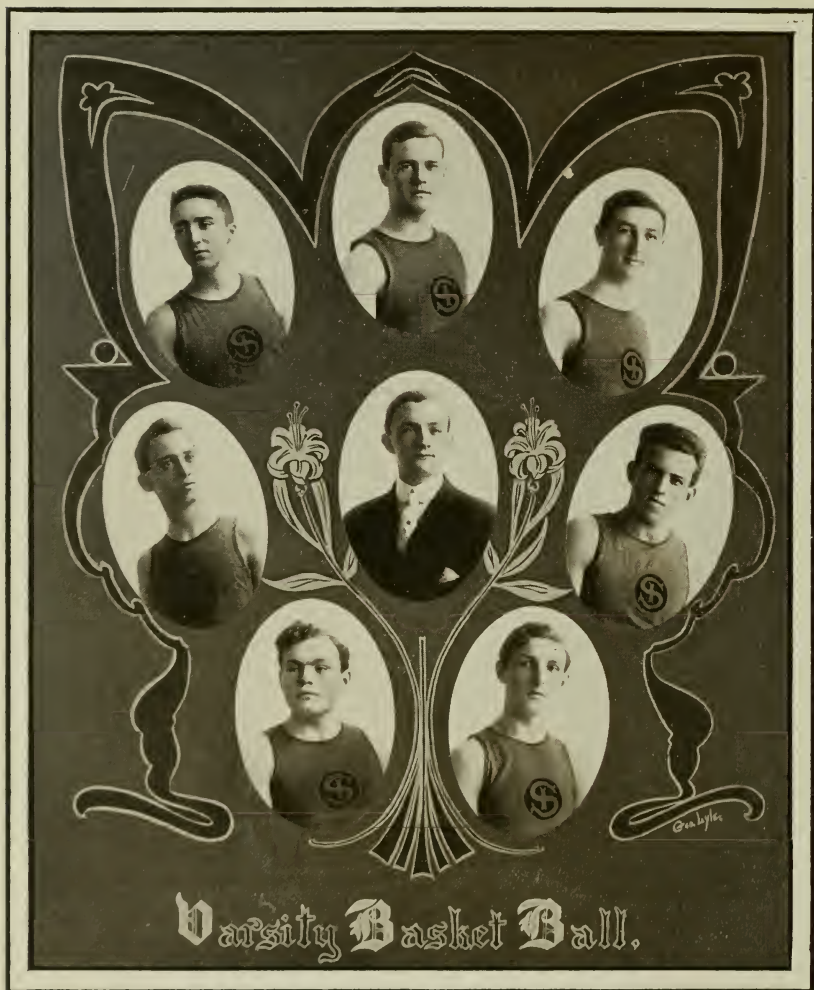
BASKETBALL.

The varsity basketball team had a very successful season, losing but one game, though the sport is comparatively new in the College. Our schdeule opened at San Rafael when we met the fast five of the Tamalpais Military Academy. The soldier boys put up a good game, but the speedy work of our team outclassed their grit and we came forth from the fray with the long end of a 28-16 score.

February 11 we journeyed to Belmont and again carried off the laurels. This was undoubtedly the hardest won victory of the season, as Belmont boasts of an exceptionally fast five. They were big fellows and we simply had to dig to get them. Knights received a severe cut over the eye during the game but stayed with it like a Trojan, and only after the final whistle did he think of looking for a doctor to stitch him up. Brown at center was the sensation of the day, making some long shots that would take the sand out of any team. Belmont, however, always had a good come-back, thus making the game see-saw until the very close, when we nosed out by a 36-32 score.

On February 18 we shook hands with the contenders for the University of the Pacific on their new court at San Jose. Here we sustained our first and only defeat by the narrow margin of three points. The game was rather bushy, owing to the umpire. Still U. P. must have recognized our form, as they persistently refused the return game which had been previously agreed upon.

A week later, February 25, the Tamalpais Military Academy played us a return game. This we won by the score of



Varsity Basketball.

Photo by Bushnell

44-27. Unfortunately the gym floor had been previously waxed, thus making fast or spectacular work an impossibility. The visitors were somewhat electrified by Knights, who advanced from guard for a successful shot whenever interest began to lag. It was one continual free throw for Charlie.

On the afternoon of March 8 the first game of the Santa Clara series was played on the Y. M. H. A. court, resulting in a 38-31 victory for the home team. The playing started off rather slowly on account of the waxed floor. It was not long, however, before both teams warmed up to the occasion and fought it hard, regardless of slips and falls. The rapid passing of our quintet repeatedly bewildered the boys from the Mission town, and were it not for the fact that the sun was in our eyes in the first half we would have terminated each series of passes by a double tally. Captain Flood, though suffering from a bad knee, seemed to be all over the court at once and threw some splendid baskets, one of them being a long shot from an almost impossible angle. Knights played a beautiful game as a forward guard, coming up from his position three different times and successfully caging the balls. Evans was always on the spot, but his sticky guard simply smothered him. Notwithstanding this, his graceful overhead toss from under the basket enabled him to win the ball three times. Keating played his usual steady game at guard, covering Voight, his slippery opponent, like the lid on a stove. He found leisure to throw two baskets. The final score was high, owing to the fact that both Butler of St. Ignatius and Best of Santa Clara, the two big centers, played a forward game. Best's movements were a trifle too fast for Vin, who lost him now and then at inopportune moments. Still Vin returned the favor by throwing six long boys through the counting-iron. His shots, in fact, were the sensation of the

day. Ray of Santa Clara played a very fast game, while their two guards, Palmtag and Teall, were most consistent players. The visitors, to be brief, lacked team-work, passing poorly and trying for impossible shots instead of slipping the ball to the waiting hands of a team-mate. As to other features, though the men worked hard, there was no bitterness or ill-feeling displayed, and the rooters, practically all from S. I. C., cheered the good plays of either side, treating their adversaries in their usual gentlemanly fashion.

March 10 saw the varsity quintet pitted against Co. B, champions of the League of the Cross. It was a splendid exhibition of clean basketball from start to finish. Tobin replaced Captain Flood at forward and played a grand game. At the final whistle the score stood 22-18 in our favor.

On March 19 the team went to Santa Clara to play them a return game. The gravel court was a hardship on the city boys, who were used to the gym floor. But our trophy winners never balk at such trifles. They went right at it and swept the Red and White upholders off their feet. The final score was 23-13, thus cinching the series for S. I. C. After this game, the team disbanded with a record that any varsity might well be proud of.

Much credit is due to Coach Orno Tyler, who labored so earnestly and unceasingly to get the team into shape this year. The Student Body appreciates this and takes occasion through these pages to express its good will and thanks.

Captain R. Flood is a good leader and an exceptional player. He was in the fray throughout the season except when injuries prevented, and his "pep" spirit was infused into the men whom he generaled.

Hall Evans, the other forward, also demonstrated his worth. His cool work in tight places, his converting of

numerous fouls and his general all around playing presages a great future.

We were fortunate in having two tall and sturdy centers, Brown and Butler. Brown left college early in the season and so played only in the opening games. Butler, by his wonderful work in the Santa Clara series, showed that his illness early in the season had not handicapped his playing.

Knights is undoubtedly the cleverest guard that has ever played on the varsity team. In fact, he would give an eel a pretty good run for his money before he'd let him escape.

Keating also showed up very well as guard. He is heavy, strong and fast. As it was his first year at the game a tricky opponent would occasionally force him to foul or give a free throw. Mart has excellent form and with a little experience will be able to pin the best of them.

Tobin, as forward, was handicapped by weight, but this did not deter him from putting up a game fight. He is remarkably accurate in converting fouls.

Noonan, our graceful guard, is as yet young in the game. He has wonderful speed for such a stout man and anything that bumps up against him is going to bounce off.

The whole team did nobly in the season just finished and the Student Body as a unit thanks them for their loyalty and devotion to the Red and Blue.

BASEBALL.

As the paper goes to press in the early days of the season, nothing can be said of the work of the varsity squad. The material at hand looks promising and Captain-Manager Gianini assures us that he will turn out a winning team.

HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETICS.

When the High School joined the A. A. L. last year it was so late in the season that we were able to enter only a tennis team in the tournament at Stanford. The members were the Fotrell brothers, who captured the championship of the California High Schools in both singles and doubles. Thus our prep school's career in the A. A. L. was ushered in most auspiciously.

BASKETBALL.

Basketball, as I said before, is practically a new game with us and this year marked the advent of a High School team. We entertained very little hope of developing a championship team—not that the players were wanting in quickness of mind and strength of body, two elements of vital necessity to play the game with any degree of success, but because they lacked that experience which tells in tight places. And yet their record is an enviable one. They finished third in the championship race, yielding only to Cogswell and Wilmerding. The common opinion in athletic circles was that they were one of the best guarding teams in the league. Comments were also made on their system of short passing which proved very effectual on many occasions. As all the members will remain in the High School next year, we have a well-founded hope of climbing up two places and carrying off the coveted trophy. The team consisted of Captain Evans, McGrath, Keating, Noonan, Flood, Foster, Naylor, W. Fotrell and Harrigan.

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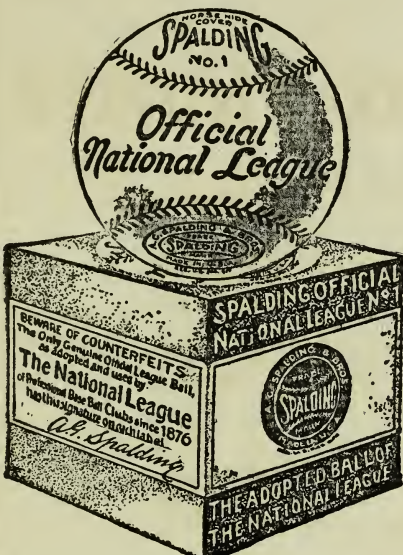
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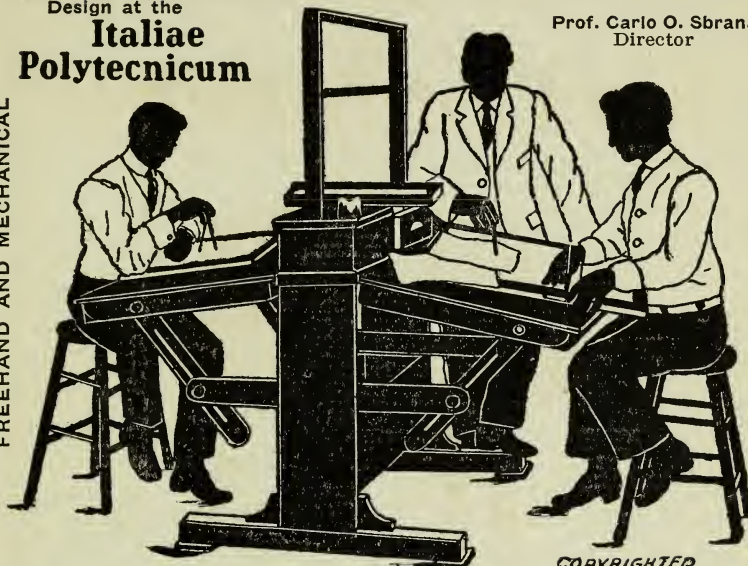
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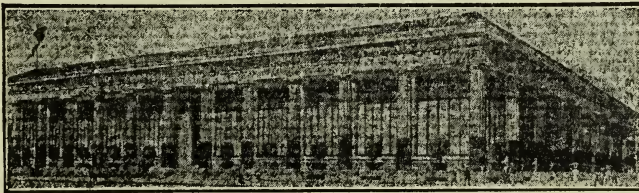
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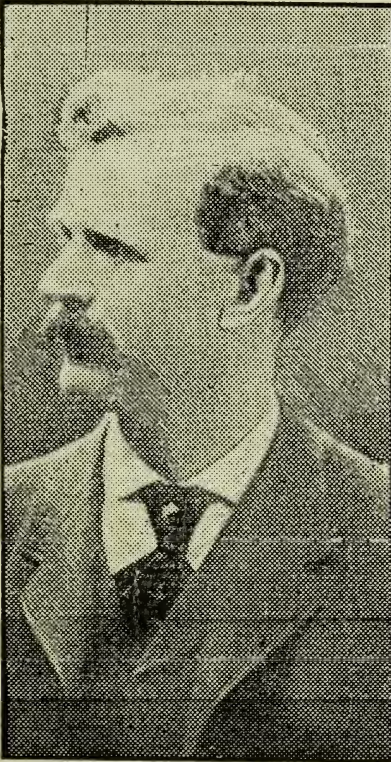
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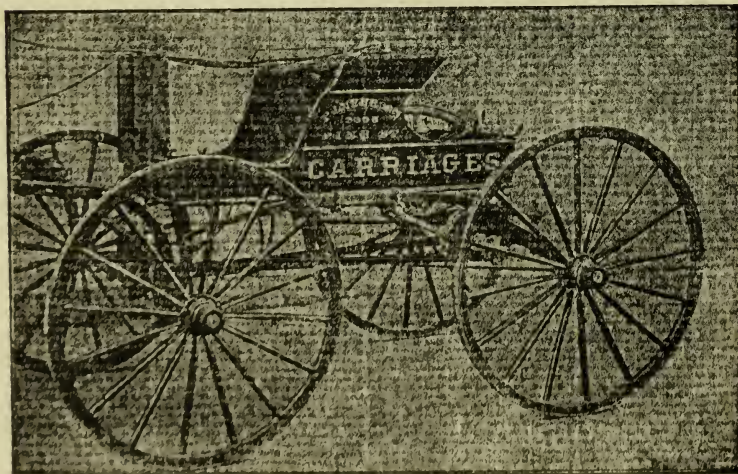
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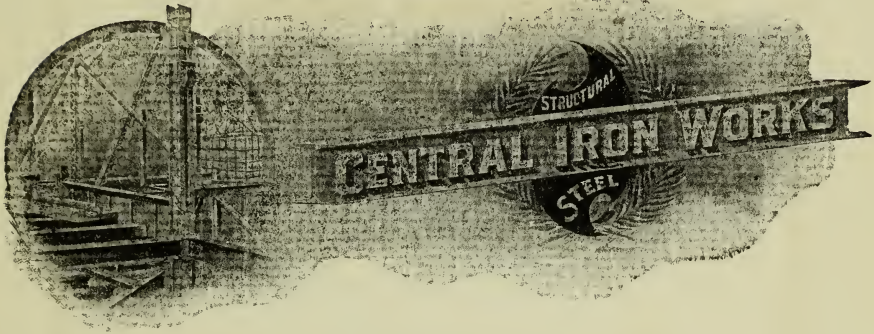
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